

Carlsbad Current.

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CARLSBAD, N. M.

EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE

The second Oregon regiment has been paid off and mustered out.

The steamer St. Louis, sailing for Europe, will carry 280,000 ounces of silver.

The National Hay association met at Detroit, Mich., with about 300 members present.

The American ambassador, Joseph Choate, will leave London for a three weeks' tour in Scotland.

Emperor William, it is said, has decided to assent to the resolutions of the peace conference.

Ben Thomas, colored, was lynched at Alexandria, Va., for an attempt to assault an 8-year-old girl.

A severe cyclone swept over San Juan, Porto Rico, killing several persons and destroying much property.

J. Z. Green, a well-known young college student at Kansas City, was killed in a duel at Sancti Spiritus, Cuba.

Joseph Johnson, one of the pioneers of Sebastian county, Arkansas, is dead. He was the father of Hon. Jo Johnson.

The Italian government has received positive confirmation of the report that China and Japan have concluded an alliance.

M. Jacobson, who killed his wife in Hoboken last May because she refused to live with him, hanged himself in his cell in the Jersey City jail.

United States transport McPherson, from Cuban and Porto Rican ports, has arrived at New York, with discharged and furloughed officers and men.

Dr. James Johnston, health officer of Madison county, Ala., died of apoplexy at Huntsville, Ala. Dr. Johnston was 68 years old and one of the most prominent physicians of Alabama.

The last company of militia has left Cleveland, O., the authorities having decided that there is little probability of any further trouble in connection with the street car strike.

According to Hongkong advices an agreement has been reached between Great Britain and the Chinese government that the United States shall have an exclusive settlement at Hankow.

Emperor William has consented that the skipper of his yacht Meteor, Capt. Ben Parker, shall go to New York to assist in sailing the Shamrock in the races for the America cup.

About 5500 miners employed at the Exeter, Babylon and Keystone collieries and at the Nanticoke and Glen Lyon mines of the Susquehanna Coal company are on a strike for higher wages.

Admiral Dewey is kept busy returning the visits which have been made to him on board the Olympia. Americans are arriving at Naples daily from various parts of Italy to pay their respects to the admiral.

A. Clifton, Wis., lightning struck the barn of Engelbert Jersy, destroying it and killing his two sons, Vincent and Engelbert, aged 16 and 22 years respectively. Mrs. Jersy was also seriously wounded.

The Colored Teachers' association of Arkansas met in East Texarkana, with Prof. A. B. Crump of that city in the chair. Questions of interest to the race were discussed, bearing solely upon educational matters.

Capt. McCarthy, quartermaster at Chickamauga Park, Ga., received orders to rush ten carloads of government supplies to Manila. Harness, tools and tentage will be sent. They will go on a special train.

Jeffries, the pugilist, was warmly greeted at the Royal aquarium, London, in an exhibition of sparring with George Chisip and Jem Dunkhurst. His work was much appreciated by a large crowd kept on points.

H. Victor Newcomb, once president of the Louisville and Nashville road, and formerly a successful business man of Louisville, has been declared insane by a New York court, on application of his wife and son.

At a meeting of the territorial board of health, Dr. Van Brunt was appointed superintendent of health of Blaine county, and Dr. Hendrix of Weatherford vice president of the board of health for Conter county. The resignation of Dr. Thacker of Lexington as president of the board of health of Cleveland county was accepted.

The funeral of the late Gov. Atkinson was conducted from the First Methodist church of Newnan, Ga. Prominent Georgians from all parts of the state were present, including Gov. Candler and other state officials.

The recent seizure of seven Canadian fishing vessels by the revenue launch Guard in the vicinity of Point Roberts and Blaine, for fishing in American waters, has raised some intricate points in international law.

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—OR—

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

It was about a fortnight after they had left the Falkland Islands that they entered the straits. At first they had a leading wind which carried them half through, but this did not last, and they then had to contend not only against the wind, but against the current, and they daily lost ground. The crews of the ships also began to sicken from fatigue and cold. Whether the admiral had before made up his mind, or whether irritated by his fruitless endeavors to continue his voyage, it is impossible to say; but after three weeks' useless struggle against the winds and currents, he gave up and ordered all the captains on board when he proposed that the prisoner should receive his punishment, and that punishment was to be death—that is, to be sent on shore with a day's food, where there was no means of obtaining support, so as to die miserably of hunger. This was a punishment frequently resorted to by the Dutch of that period, as will be seen by reading an account of their voyage; but at the same time seldom, if ever, awarded to one of so high a rank as that of commander.

Philip immediately protested against it, and so did Krantz, although they were both aware that by so doing they would make the admiral their enemy; but the other captains, who viewed both of them with a jealous eye, and considered them as interlopers and interfering with their advancement, sided with the admiral. Notwithstanding this majority, Philip thought it his duty to expostulate.

"You know well, admiral," said he, "that I joined in his condemnation for a breach of discipline; but at the same time there was much in extenuation. He committed a breach of discipline to save his ship's company, but not an error in judgment, as you yourself proved, by taking the same measure to save your own men. Do not, therefore, visit an offense of so doubtful a nature with such cruelty. Let the company decide the point when you send him home, which you can do as soon as you arrive in India. He is sufficiently punished by losing his command; to do what you propose will be ascribed to feelings of revenge more than to those of justice. What success can we deserve if we commit an act of such cruelty? and how can we expect a merciful Providence to protect us from the winds and waves, when we are thus barbarous toward each other?"

Philip's arguments were of no avail. The admiral ordered him to return on board his ship, and had been able to find an excuse, he would have deprived him of his command. This he could not well do, but Philip was aware that the admiral was now his inveterate enemy. The commander was taken out of his cabin and brought into the cabin, and his sentence was made known to him.

"Be it so, admiral," replied Avenhorn, "for to attempt to turn you from your purpose I know would be unavailing. I am not punished for disobedience of orders, but for having, by my disobedience, pointed out to you your duty—a duty which you were forced to perform afterward by necessity. Then be it so; let me perish on these black rocks, as I shall, and my bones be whitened by the chilly blasts which howl over their desolation. But mark me, cruel and vindictive man! I shall not be the only one whose bones will bleach there. I prophesy that many others will share my fate, and even you, admiral, may be of the number—if I mistake not, we shall lie side by side."

The admiral made no reply, but gave a sign for the prisoner to be removed. He then had a conference with the captains of the three smaller vessels; and as they had been all along retarded by the heavier sailing of his own ship, and the Dart commanded by Philip, he decided that they should part company, and proceed on as fast as they could to the Indies—sending on board of the two larger vessels all the provisions they could spare, as they already began to run short.

Philip had left the cabin with Krantz after the prisoner had been removed. He then wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper: "Do not leave the beach when you are put on shore, until the vessels are out of sight;" and requesting Krantz to find an opportunity to deliver this to the commander, he returned on board of his own ship.

When the crew of the Dart heard of the punishment about to be inflicted upon their old commander, they were much excited. They felt that he had sacrificed himself to save them, and they murmured much at the cruelty of the admiral.

About an hour after Philip's return to his ship, the prisoner was sent on shore and landed on the desolate and rocky coast, with a supply of provisions for two days. Not a single article of extra clothing or the means of striking a light was permitted him. When the boat's keel grazed the beach, he was ordered out. The boat shoved off, and the men were not permitted even to bid him farewell.

The fleet, as Philip had expected, remained hove-to shifting the provisions, and it was not till after dark that everything was arranged. This opportunity was not lost. Philip was aware that it would be considered a breach

of discipline, but to that he was indifferent; neither did he think it likely that it would come to the ears of the admiral, as the crew of the Dart were partial both to the commander and to him. He had desired a seaman whom he could trust, to put into one of the boats a couple of muskets, and a quantity of ammunition, several blankets, and various other articles, besides provisions for two or three months, for one person; and as soon as it was dark the men pulled on shore with the boat, found the commander on the beach waiting for them, and supplied him with all these necessaries. They then rejoined their ship, without the admiral's having the least suspicion of what had been done, and shortly after the fleet made sail on a wind, with their heads off shore. The next morning the three smaller vessels parted company, and by sunset had gained many miles to windward, after which they were not again seen.

The admiral had sent for Philip to give him his instructions, which were very severe, and evidently framed as to be able to afford him hereafter some excuse for depriving him of his command. Among others, his orders were, as the Dart drew less water than the admiral's ship, to sail ahead of him during the night, that if they approached too near the land and they beat across the channel, timely notice might be given to the admiral if in too shallow water. This responsibility was the occasion of Philip's being always on deck when they approached the land on either side of the Straits. It was the second night after the fleet had separated that Philip had been summoned on deck as they were nearing the land of Terre del Fuego; he was watching the man in the chains heaving the lead, when the officer of the watch reported to him that the admiral's ship was ahead of them instead of astern. Philip made inquiry as to when he passed, but could not discover; he went forward and saw the admiral's ship with her poop-light, which, when the admiral was astern, was not visible. "What can be the admiral's reason for that?" thought Philip; "has he run ahead on purpose to make a charge against me of neglect of duty? It must be so. Well, let him do as he pleases; he must wait now till we arrive in India, for I shall not allow him to desert me; and with the company I have as much, and I rather think, as a large proprietor, more interest than he has. Well, as he has thought proper to go ahead, I have nothing to do but to follow."

"You may come out of the chains there."

CHAPTER XX.

Philip went forward; they were now, as he imagined, very near to the land, but the night was dark and they could not distinguish it. For half an hour they continued their course, much to Philip's surprise, for he now thought he could make out the loom of the land, dark as it was. His eyes were constantly fixed upon the ship ahead, expecting every minute that she would go about; but no, she continued her course, and Philip followed with his own vessel.

"We are very close to the land, sir," observed Vander Hagen, the lieutenant, who was the officer of the watch.

"So it appears to me; but the admiral is closer, and draws much more water than we do," replied Philip.

"I think I see the rocks on the beam to leeward, sir."

"I believe you are all right," replied Philip; "I cannot understand this. Ready about, and get a gun ready—they must suppose us to be ahead of them, depend upon it."

Hardly had Philip given the order when the vessel struck heavily on the rocks. Philip hastened aft; he found the rudder had been unshipped, and the vessel was immovably fixed. His thoughts then reverted to the admiral.

"Was he on shore?" he ran forward, and the admiral was still sailing on with his poop-light, about two cables length ahead of him.

"Fire the gun there," cried Philip, perplexed beyond measure.

The gun was fired, and immediately followed up by the flash and report of another gun close astern of them. Philip looked with astonishment over the quarter, and perceived the admiral's ship close astern to him, and evidently on shore as well as his own.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Philip, rushing forward, "what can this be?" He beheld the other vessel, with her light ahead, still sailing on and leaving them. The day was now dawning and there was sufficient light to make out the land. The Dart was on shore not fifty yards from the beach, and surrounded by the high and barren rocks; yet the vessel ahead was apparently sailing on over the land. The seamen crowded on the fore-castle, watching this strange phenomenon; at last it vanished from their sight.

"That's the Flying Dutchman, by all that's holy!" cried one of the seamen, jumping off the gun.

Hardly had the man uttered these words when the vessel disappeared. Philip felt convinced that it was so, and he walked away aft in a very perturbed state. It must have been his father's fatal ship which had destroyed them to probable destruction. He hardly knew how to act. The admiral's wrath he did not wish, just at that moment, to encounter. He sent

for the officer of the watch and having desired him to select a crew for the boat, out of those men who had been on deck, and could substantiate his assertions, ordered him to go on board of the admiral, and state what had happened.

As soon as the boat had shoved off, Philip turned his attention to the state of his own vessel. The daylight had increased, and Philip perceived that they were surrounded by rocks, and had run on shore between two reefs, which extended half a mile from the mainland. He sounded round his vessel, and discovered that she was fixed from forward to aft, and that without lightening her there was no chance of getting her off. He then turned to where the admiral's ship lay aground, and found that, to all appearance, she was in even a worse plight, as the rocks to leeward of her were above the water, and she was much more exposed should bad weather come on. Never, perhaps, was there a scene more cheerless and appalling; a dark wintry sea—a sky loaded with heavy clouds—the wind cold and piercing—the whole line of the coast one mass of barren rocks, without the slightest appearance of vegetation; the inland part of the country presented an equally somber appearance and the higher points were capped with snow, although it was not yet the winter season. Sweeping the coast with his eye, Philip perceived, not four miles to leeward of them, so little progress had they made, the spot where they had deserted the commander.

"Surely this has been a judgment on him for his cruelty," thought Philip, "and the prophecy of poor Avenhorn will come true—more bones than his will bleach on those rocks." Philip turned round again to where the admiral's ship was on shore, and started back, as he beheld a sight even more dreadful than that he had viewed—the body of Vander Hagen, the officer sent on board of the admiral, hanging at the main yardarm. "My God! is it possible?" exclaimed Philip, stamping with sorrow and indignation.

His boat was returning on board, and Philip awaited it with impatience. The men hastened up the side, and breathlessly informed Philip that the admiral, as soon as he had heard the lieutenant's report, and his acknowledgment that he was officer of the watch, had ordered him to be hung, and that he had sent them back with a summons for him to repair on board immediately, and that they had seen another rope preparing at the yard-arm.

"But not for you, sir," cried the men, "that shall never be—you shall not go on board—we will defend you with our lives."

The whole ship's company joined in this resolution, and expressed their determination to resist the admiral. Philip thanked them kindly—stated his intention of not going on board, and requested that they would remain quiet, until it was ascertained what steps the admiral might take. He then went down to his cabin to reflect upon what plan he should proceed. As he looked out of the stern windows, and perceived the body of the young man still swinging in the wind, he almost wished that he was in his place, for then there would be an end in his wayward fate; but he thought of Avenhorn, and felt that for her he wished to live. That the Phantom Ship should have deceived him to destruction was also a source of much painful feeling, and Philip meditated, with his hands pressed to his temples.

A BALLOON UNDER FIRE.

Immediate Collapse Does Not Follow, Even When the Mark Is Hit.

With regard to the effects of gunshots upon a balloon, the following experiments were made, says the Pall Mall Magazine. A shot was fired from a Lebel rifle at a balloon at an altitude of 500 feet. It only penetrated the fabric below the equator, and no appreciable result ensued. After this many shots were fired, several penetrating the balloon and passing out near the upper valve. After a lapse of six hours the balloon descended quietly to the ground, by reason of the loss of gas through the bullet holes. But it appeared that, whatever the number of shots, the loss of gas was never sufficient to cause the balloon to fall rapidly. On another occasion a shrapnel shell was fired from a seven-pounder Armstrong gun at a balloon having an altitude of 1,500 feet, but this being above the limit of elevation of the gun, it was impossible to hit it. In any case, had it been possible to do so, the shell would have penetrated the balloon below the equator and passed out again so low down as to cause no serious loss of gas. Indeed, a balloon loses but little of its lifting power—that is, little of its gas—if the hole is made below the equator. Once a hole was split up to within a few feet of the upper valve; at first the balloon fell rapidly, then the wind filled out the flapping fabric, and it sailed quietly to earth.

Dangerous to Hypnotize.

The late Professor Drummond, when quite a child, discovered that he could hypnotize people. At a birthday party a little girl refused to play the piano. Drummond happened to catch her eye, and said, "Play." To his surprise she rose obediently, went to the piano, and played. At another time he hypnotized a boy, gave him a poker for a gun, and said, "I'm a peasant; shoot me." The boy did so, and Drummond, to keep up the illusion, fell, whereupon the boy, seeing the "bird" move, made as if to hit it over the head with the poker. The hypnotizer had just time to stop the magnetized sportsman.

Illinois-Fed Texas Cattle.

A telegram to the Chicago Record from Rockford, Ill., under a recent date, said:

The sale by Warren Gilmore, a farmer living four miles northwest of this city, of forty-one head of cattle averaging 1,351 pounds, after seven months' full feed, is a part of the experiment of the Illinois state live stock board in dipping Texas cattle and shipping them to northern Illinois to fill for market. The younger cattle of that shipment did not do well, but the 2-year-olds, which were placed on different farms in this vicinity to do fairly well and were sold in the Chicago market at the close of winter.

The test showed that the southern cattle do not thrive as well during the cold weather as the native cattle of this section. The herd which was fed on into June by Mr. Gilmore made a good showing during the latter warm months and made the best results of any of the shipments. The cattle were bought by Mr. Gilmore Nov. 11, the average weight being 915 pounds. They are sold to be one of the finest lots of cattle marketed in this region this year. They were high-grade Fotted Angus. Their average gain in the seven months is 436 pounds. The test to show immunity from risk or southern fever in bringing them north was a success, but as to the feeding experiment Mr. Gilmore considers that the native cattle are more profitable when they can be had. He paid \$4 per 100 pounds for the entire bunch, and after adding 436 pounds average weight sold the lot at \$4.85 per 100 pounds. The cattle required about ten bushels of corn per month besides rough feed. The cost to feed per head was about \$30, while the average net gain was a little less than \$25. On the face of it this shows a small loss on the transaction, but Mr. Gilmore estimated a gain of about \$400—a huge feeding after the cattle. The principal light shed by this experiment is that feeder cattle can be brought from Texas and fed up for market on northern Illinois farms. It has been found to be a perfectly safe operation under the provisions made by the department of agriculture. The greatest difficulty experienced by feeders in this part of the country is in getting good cattle to feed. For that reason they have been looking in every direction. At times there is almost a famine of cattle suited to the demand because of the dearth in the supply of feeders. There may be times when the relative state of supply in Texas and in the north will make the new play a commercial success.

Feeding Skim Milk.

A correspondent of Dairy and Creamery writes that paper as follows:

I have had considerable experience, extending over several years, in feeding separator skim milk to farm stock, and thought possibly I might give some facts from my experience that would be of interest to your readers. When feeding skim milk to milk cows it does much to build up a heifer; for an old cow it was not so beneficial. Many of the latter would not touch it, while the young ones were so eager to get it that they were constantly on the watch for every pint of milk left within their reach. They seemed to crave milk as an old toper craves whiskey.

They would drink too much if allowed to get at it. From two to five gallons, fed once a day while warm, was the way we thought best. We never had any trouble from bloat. The milk agreed with them and seemed to be nourishing and an appetizer. Small pigs thrive on it best and the half grown ones do very well. Full grown pigs do only fairly well and need a laxative. The sweet milk in warm weather made plump, fatty fat for a time, but corn meal was needed, and in cooler weather some oil cake also. Sour milk is less fattening than sweet, though less binding.

Young calves should be fed warm sweet milk, in even lots, three times daily for the first three or four months, with some corn, oats and flaxseed meal and grass or hay. In cold weather more corn meal is needed unless the stable is very warm. Cold and sour milk is injurious to a young calf, and very poor feed for older ones. Warm or sweet milk seems to give chickens the diarrhea. Thick sour milk is better and a soft smearing best. For turkeys, moist smearing, not too wet, is a good feed, especially for the young fowls.

Used as a cow feed, my observation is that the younger the animal the greater the benefit from skim milk. When we remember that it is primarily the calf's natural food, the fact is all the more forcible. The skim milk has large manurial value, but unless special arrangements are made it is apt to be wasted. The hog pen must be roofed and floored at considerable expense. When hogs are kept in a yard (where they thrive best) the manure cannot be saved. When fed to dry cows the skim milk seems to cause caked udder and a tendency to garget when fresh.

The Oleo Combine.—The butterine factories are now in a trust, also, or at least the greater number of them. The butterine trust has advanced the price of this table delicacy until it has reached a figure that threatens to put it out of the reach of the poor altogether. It has been advanced in price with such a steady and regular movement that before long none but the rich will be able to keep it on their tables. The poor will have to go back to poor butter or eat dry bread if the price goes much higher.—Chicago Tribune.

Good feeding means a greatly varied diet of clean, wholesome feed.

Mountain Rats in Colorado.

H. P. Ufford, writing in the June Century of "Out of Doors in Colorado" describes the mountain rat as the only plague worse than the Canadian Jay, popularly known as the camp robber. Of the rat he says:

This fierce rodent is nearly twice the size of the Norway species, and is always ready for a fight. Besides his bellicose propensities, he is an ardent thief. The miners have a saying that he will steal anything but a red hot stove. He does not steal to satisfy hunger alone; he appears to be a kleptomaniac. Provoked by the depredations of the old graybeard who haunted our cabin, I one day assisted in harrying his castle, where I found the following articles: Four candles, one partly burned, three intact; two spoons, one knife, two forks, twenty-seven nails, all sizes; one box of pills; one coffee pot lid and one tin cup; two pairs of socks, three handkerchiefs; one bottle of ink; three empty phials; one stick of giant powder with ten feet of fuse; beans rice and dried apples galore. His spirit of mischief is as strong as his passion for stealing, and the honest miner solemnly avers that if you leave open a bag of beans and one of rice, he will not rest till he has made a clean transfer of all the beans to the rice bag, and vice versa. I know that more than once he has, during the night, filled one or both of my boots with the cones of the spruce tree. I have heard, also, of a voracious prospector who returning from a trip without coffee pot, frying pan and bakeoven, accounted for their absence by declaring that the mountain rat had carried them off, and emphasized his assertion by shooting through the leg a skeptic who was so injudicious as to doubt his word.

Tactful Messenger Boy.

"One of the beautiful traits in the make-up of Washington messenger boys," said a railroad man who lives in Washington, "is their tactfulness. I think otherwise. They are chock full of and loaded down with tact—with the copper on. To illustrate:

"My wife went over to New York a few weeks ago to attend the bedside of a seriously ill relative, who was not expected to live. This morning I was sitting in my office, wondering why I didn't get a letter from her by the first mail, when a touse-headed messenger boy joggled open the door.

"Where'll I find de office of Mr. —?" he asked, mentioning my name.

"Right here, son," said I. "You're talking to him."

"Well," said the kid, measuring me up, with the probable expectation that I'd do a stage back fall, "I've got a death message fer you, an' they tole me at de office tat it was important."

"Nice, mild, tactful way of putting it, wasn't it? He just left it up to me to wonder, while I was ripping the envelope open, whether the message announced the death of our aged relative or the decease of my wife. It happened to be the former, but I am inclined to believe that that boy would have been just a bit better pleased had it been the latter."

Both Exhausted.

The other day, toward the close of a long sitting in the assize courts, when another case was called on, the leading counsel rose and huskily requested that the cause might be postponed until the next morning.

"On what ground?" asked the judge, snappishly.

"Me lud, I have been arguing a case all day in court B, and am completely exhausted."

"Very well," said the judge, "we'll take the next."

Another counsel also rose, and pleaded for adjournment.

"What, are you exhausted, too?" said the judge, with a snap of the eyelids. "What have you been doing?"

"Me lud," said the barrister, in a weary voice, "I have been listening to my learned brother."

The Youngest Lawyer.

Edgar D. Crawford, who was recently admitted to the bar at Atlanta, Ga., is the youngest lawyer in that state, if not in the country. He is not quite 17 years old, but was recently graduated with first honors from the law school of Mercer university. Under the laws of Georgia, no matter what may be the age of the applicant, he is entitled to admission if he has been graduated from one of the recognized law schools of the state.

A Scheme Worth Trying.

"Yes," said the Florida lady, "I made my will several years ago, and it was one of the wisest things I ever did."

"Why?" the meek-looking woman asked. "Do you expect to drop off suddenly?"

"No, but it's such a satisfaction to go and change it whenever I get mad at any of my heirs."

Feel Like a Bird.

Vigilant—You don't feel quite so gay as you did, perhaps.

The Victim—Oh the contrary, gentle, I feel like a bird.

Does singing the song "O, promise me," at a wedding, promise anybody anything.

For Housekeepers.

See that your linen is washed clean. Use "Faultless Starch," clean iron, follow directions given on package and perfect results will follow. All grocers sell "Faultless Starch," large package, 10c.

Running a newspaper is a good deal like umpiring a base ball game.

"One Year's Seeding."

"Nine Years' Weeding."

Collected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS